

AN
EXAMPLE
FOR
CHILDREN
OF
SUNDAY SCHOOLS;

In a Brief Account of the
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
ELIZABETH RADDEN,

OF
WHITCHURCH, HANTS;
BY
T. BINGHAM,

LONDON;

Printed for the Proprietor and sold by J. DAVIDSON,
No. 6, Clare-Court, Clare-Market,

THE THIRD EDITION.

Price Three Half-Pence each, or Eleven Shillings
per Hundred.

Entered at Stationer's-Hall.



RB.23 a.6311

EXAMINER

CHILDREN

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

In Accordance with the

ACT OF 1876

EDUCATION ACT

WILLIAMS & SON

PRINTERS



10-7-51



AN

EXAMPLE

FOR

CHILDREN

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS;

ELIZABETH RADDEN, was born the 8th of January 1773; she was from her infancy a child of a very warm impetuous temper, impatient of contradiction, or restraint, very obstinate when opposed, but easily led by kindness; when I first began the *Sunday School*, in the year 1785, she and another girl, about her age, were my first scholars; and that circumstance with some others which rose from it, began a friendship between them, which discovered its continuance in the very last words she spoke in this world, and still glows in the breast of the survivor, with an unabated warmth.

A 2

She

She had (among other vices incident to children) been much addicted to taking *God's* Name in vain, though often reprov'd for it by her mother; and I have frequently since heard her bitterly lament, how difficult she found it to subdue that wicked habit.

Before there was any appearance of her being impress'd with a sense of Divine things, her attachment to me and Mr. *Pearce*, my dear friend and fellow-helper in the school, equaled, if not exceeded that of most children to their parents; though at the same time, such was the levity of her disposition, so prone to laugh at the most solemn subjects, and such an aversion to all serious thoughts was evident in her, that I own I was often tempted to desist from speaking to her any more on religious matters; as it seem'd quite in vain, and I view'd her as one lost to *God* and goodness and totally incorrigible in sin.

But at length, blessed for ever be the *SON* of all Grace, He was pleas'd by means of the instructions given in the school, (and particularly one time, when my friend, Mr. *Pearce*, was speaking to the children there) to affect her heart with a deep sense of her guilt, and vileness, and now there was soon a visible alteration in her conduct; she attended with the utmost constancy and seriousness on the *Word*: redeemed time for secret prayer and meditation; and was earnestly seeking the way of life and salvation by
Christ.

Christ. Many a time have I blushed with shame, when under the preaching of the Word, or when talking to the children in the school, I have seen the tears trickle down her cheeks, (though she tried to conceal them) while, alas! my own heart was lifeless and inattentive.

The change in her outward conduct was visible to her mother, though she was exceedingly shy of speaking, except to her young friend, whom she could trust; till by degrees having observed the evident alteration in her, I found means to engage her to use freedom with me, and when once she obtained courage to express the views the *Lord* had given her, of her lost state by Nature, and her inability to save herself, she was eager to improve the liberty I gave her of applying to me at every opportunity, for what poor advice and instruction I could give her, and would on school nights particularly, when the rest of the children were gone (as she generally put out the candles and locked the doors, &c. which she counted her honour, and delight) with the utmost seriousness, simplicity and unreserved frankness, acquaint me with her complaints, her temptations, her supports and relief.

Happy have I been many times to see her discover such unaffected piety, such holy love to *God*, such a filial fear of offending him, such a love to, and concern for the welfare of souls, (especially those of her near relations and her,

dear school-fellows,) such an humble sense of her own unworthiness, such a jealousy over her own heart, and such a deep acquaintance with the temptations of Satan, as I scarce ever saw in an old experienced Christian.

She was no stranger to spiritual distress, and often under a view of the evil of her own heart, used to say with tears, that she was such a vile ungrateful sinner that *Christ* would have nothing to do with her.

The first time she was enabled to attain to any comfortable hope of Salvation by the blood and righteousness of *Christ*, was April 14th 1789, under a Sermon preached by Mr. *Kinsbury* of Southampton, at the settlement of Mr. *Brown* as Pastor of the Church here, on 1. *Thessalonians*, 2. and last verse: she was very sensible of the pollution of her own heart, and of the danger she was in if left to herself, of being drawn aside by every temptation, and on that account was very reserved concerning her own experience, and often earnestly entreated me, never to mention a word to any Christian friend of what she had communicated to me, least (as she said) they might be led to think better of her than she deserved; and that if she should fall into sin, disgrace might be brought on Religion thereby, which would be worse than death for her to think of.

No opportunity of hearing the Word, or of being present at the social meetings for prayer and

and conference among us, was omitted by her, and if any of her young friends and acquaintances neglected such opportunities, it was matter of lamentation to her.

For the ministers of the gospel of every denomination she had an high esteem, particularly our Pastor; and any slight cast on him, affected her more than the greatest affront offered to herself.

During the last summer the two young friends used to spend their evenings frequently in the Church-yard, sitting on the grave of a pious young woman, who died last year, and there conversing together on the concerns of another world; and as she told me since, on her sick-bed; "Many mournful and some joyful hours have we spent there."

The sabbath after my dear aunt's decease, which took place October 16th, the two young friends desired to see her corpse; and as I was speaking to them, of the joyful employment of Heaven, which I doubted not, my dear departed friend was gone to bear a part in;—*Betty Radden* burst out into a flood of tears, crying, "You can look with comfort on the body of your dear friend, because you are satisfied she is gone to Glory; but, Oh! but Oh! if it was my poor dear father lay there, and I had no more satisfaction about him than I have now, I fear I should go distracted;" (and shortly

shortly after, she said very solemnly) " I have
 " been thinking so continually about death and
 " eternity lately, that I am ready to think, I
 " shall be the next out of the congregation that
 " will be called away."

Once, when I was reading in the school to
 the children, some of those precious Examples
 of early piety in JANEWAY's *token for Children*,
 she was much affected, and wept bitterly, (say-
 ing,) " O! I shall never experience such a death-
 " bed, as these sweet children did."

One instance of her gratitude and affection to
 me, I cannot omit inserting, as it so much af-
 fected my own mind, and rendered me the more
 attentive to her during her illness afterwards,
 and still endears her memory the more to me;
 about a week after my aunt's interment she was
 at my house; I was then very ill, and appre-
 hensive that I should be totally laid by; I hap-
 pened to say, (I don't well recollect what intro-
 duced it) that I had now buried every one of my
 near relations, and that if the *Lord* should be
 pleased to lay his hand on me, so as to render me
 incapable of waiting on myself, I knew no per-
 son who would attend on me from a principle
 of love; so I must be content with mere merce-
 nary attendance. She cried out in a burst of
 tears. " O! I wou'd, I wou'd wait on you day
 " and night with pleasure, without a farthing,
 " for you have been my best friend."

About

have and k, I that I to ples ren, say- ath-
 About a fortnight before her illness, as she told me afterwards, she felt such a heart affecting sense of the love of *God* to her soul, that almost overpowered her—and not having a convenient place of retirement in her house, she took her food in her hand (it being dinner time) and got away to a meadow in the neighbourhood where she sat down on a stile, and poured out her soul to *God*, in such an holy extacy as she had never felt before.

I believe it was this same time that she referred to, when she told her young friend afterwards, she felt such an earnest desire for the salvation of her dear father, that she intreated the *Lord*, that if it might prove a means of good to his soul, she might herself be visited with any affliction, however painful and heavy.

Sabbath day, November 8th, she found herself very ill, but kept it a secret, and attended the school and the public worship all day; and I took particular notice in the evening, how much she exerted herself in the singing, as if her whole soul was in what she sung, and her voice, which was ever capital, (equal indeed in compass, strength and sweetness, to the first performer I ever heard in the kingdom) seemed then to excel its usual melody, especially in those lines (the close of a hymn of Mr. Duncan's of Winbourn) which was sung at the end of the evening service.

“ O! that

“ O! that with yonder favoured Throng,
 “ We at his Feet may fall;
 “ We'll join the everlasting Song,
 “ And crown HIM LORD of ALL.”
 though far was it from my thought, that her voice
 would never more be heard in that house.

The next day a violent fever discovered itself,
 which soon began to assume a putrid appearance;
 I saw her in the evening, when she lamented
 much her not being able to attend the social meet-
 ing with us that night; but hoped to get out the
 Tuesday night.

Tuesday she was much worse, and told me her
 pain was very great, and as she had scarce ever
 known an hours illness in her life before, she
 thought it seemed the worse to her, but the
 worst of all was it's depriving her of those sweet
 opportunities of public worship, she longed to
 enjoy.

Wednesday she was much distressed in soul,
 fearing she should die, and being in the dark
 about her own interest in *Christ*—“ O! my
 “ dear friend (said she) I shall die, I shall die
 “ the most dreadful Death! and I fear I shall
 “ go down to eternal death;” I attempted in
 vain to speak a word of comfort to her, she could
 receive none.

Thursday my friend *Pearce* and I were there
 together, she was still distressed; but after my
 friend

friend had been engaged in prayer for her, he asked her, if there was no word of promise in the Gospel, that appeared suitable in her case? — (she replied) “ Yes, yes, there is one—*come unto me all ye that Labour and are Heavy Laden and I will give you Rest*; O! I am indeed very heavy laden; but could I but come to that blessed Redeemer, I am sure he would give me rest.” After some further conversation with her, we left her pretty calm and resigned, and with some hope—that night, another dear young friend and school-fellow of hers, sat up with her the chief part of the night, she was pleading very earnestly the aforesaid promise, *Matthew*, 11. 28. and the Lord was pleased to afford her much comfort therefrom.

Friday I found her in a sweet thankful frame, full of admiration at the goodness of *God* to her, but her fever was increased and very dangerous.

Saturday she continued comfortable, in the evening our minister (Mr. *Brown*) called to see her; he had been out before, and had not heard how it was with her, finding her in a very bad situation as to her body, he was exhorting her earnestly to seek salvation in *Christ*, she answered “ blessed be his name, I have found him!” she then mentioned some passages in his past preaching, which had been useful to her, and particularly reminded him of his having observed in the pulpit just before, that since the beginning of the

the year several of the congregation had been taken away by death, and probably before the end of the two revolving moons, which yet, remained to the close of the year, more might follow—"I thought then (said she) very likely I may be one, and now it appears so."

In the night betwixt that and the sabbath, she was taken with a violent bleeding at nose and mouth, which could not be stopt by any means, till she seemed just expiring; she was composed and calm, "I hope Doctor (said she to the apothecary) this will be enough to carry me to my precious *Christ*. I long to be with him and the ransomed company in my Father's House above:" at length the bleeding ceased of itself, and she seemed a little revived.

Early the sabbath morn, I was called with an account that she was dying;—when I entered the room, she was speaking earnestly to her father and brother, exhorting them not to defer the concerns of their souls to a death bed;—as soon as she saw me, she reached out her hand to me, and cried—"O! my dear friend, I shall die,—I am just going,—but I bless my *God*, I am not afraid to die, I long to go to my Father's House above,—you are going to worship him below,—I have enjoyed sweet sabbaths with you here, but now, I shall have a better sabbath than you,—I am going to begin an everlasting sabbath in glory, to begin my everlasting song unto him that bath loved me and washed me

me from my sins in his own blood; come my dear *Redeemer*, come—send thy fiery chariot and letch my longing soul—cut short thy work my precious *Christ*! I long to be gone—when shall I be at home?”

I observed to her, that perhaps she was too impatient to be gone, and that if it was the *Lord's* will to continue her in the world a little longer for the good of others, particularly of her dear friends and relations she should be content,—she replied, “O! yes, if it might do them any good, I should be willing to stay—even for years,—though in all the pain and misery I endure and my pain is very great now;—but its nothing to what my *Redeemer* bore for me; *Lord Jesus*!—my blessed *Christ*, I hope I do not offend thee in wishing to bow at thy feet above; I would not offend thee for ten thousand worlds,—thou who hast done so much for me; forgive me my *Saviour*, alas! I know not what I did! I would submit to thy will in all things, but I know I shall die;—my *Jesus* will fetch me soon. O! Mr. *Pearce*, O! Mr. *Bingham*, farewell! I shall see you no more, till I meet you around the Throne;—Mother, I know you will be there; but, O! it breaks my heart, least any of the family should be missing;—my dear Father; my dear Brothers and Sisters, come to this precious *Christ*, that you may come after me to glory, My dear *Betty G*——. hold on as you have begun remember if you draw back you are
B “ruined

"ruined soul and body; O! persevere, that
 "may meet again in glory!—and then I'll tell
 "you wonderful things, of what the *Lord*
 "hath shewed me on this sick-bed! I cannot tell
 "you a thousand part here ——— Father into
 "thy hands I commend my spirit, to thy eternal
 "Care." Then fell back in the bed, closed
 her eyes, and lay apparently dead for some minutes,
 without breathing; but after a while recovered
 again. "Daniel, my precious brother
 "Daniel, keep in the way, I have good hopes
 "of thee Daniel,—hold on."—In much the same
 strain she continued incessantly talking all that
 day to her relations, and to her two dear young
 friends and school-fellows, who were with her;
 on my leaving her at seven in the morning, to
 go to the conference meeting, she cried "Fare-
 "wel my dear friend, I wish you much of the
 "presence of *Christ* there—ah! if my acquaint-
 "ance had enjoyed what I have of his presence
 "at those blessed meetings, they would never let
 "trifles keep them from such opportunities,
 "they'd come, if they were but just able to crawl
 "hither—Farewel! before you are got to sing-
 "ing my *Redeemer's* praise there; I shall have
 "begun the everlasting song above those skies."
 As many of her acquaintance called to see her
 that day, she spoke to them all, with great affec-
 tion and earnestness, recommending the *Lord Jesus*
Christ to them, and though the *Lord* continued
 her life longer contrary to the expectation of
 the apothecary, who attended her, and indeed
 of every one who saw her—in a state of great
 pain

pain and weakness. her language (excepting some
 intervals) when delirious through the fever, was
 always spiritual;—I saw her at least twice a day
 during her life, and I never left her without
 astonishment at the displays of *God's* Grace in
 her.

Hearing one day when I was there of a poor
 thoughtless carnal person in the neighbour-
 hood, being taken dangerously ill with the same
 disorder, she began weeping and praying ear-
 nestly for her, desiring me to leave her, and go
 to the poor creature, saying, "Now is the time,
 speak to her, of her danger by reason of sin
 and who can tell, but the *Lord* may incline
 her to hearken."

One evening she said to me, "*Mr. Bingham*,
 if the *Lord* should spare my life a little longer
 here, my first desire would be to tell the
 church, what *God* hath done for my soul!
 and to join them in commemorating his love
 around his table; and if my dear, dear Father
 was converted and joined to us, I think that
 would be Heaven below to me."

"Why do you weep for me Father?—weep
 for your own soul—I am safe—if I die now
 I shall live, if I live now—I must soon die;
Christ is mine, O! how I love him, better
 than my life, my all."—Waking once out of
 a kind of doze she cried out aloud.—News!
 news! good news Father!—*Jesus Christ* is
 born

" born in Bethlehem to save poor sinners—
 " to him father,—make haste—before it is too
 " late."

Wednesday November 18th. I was with her
 in the evening, and pressed her much to stay
 awhile; I told her it was school-time and the
 children were getting together " O (said she)
 " poor dear souls—don't neglect them one mo-
 " ment for me; and when I am gone—never
 " drop that blessed school to the last hour of
 " your life—I shall praise *God* for that school
 " to all eternity;—for there my blessed *Redeemer*
 " first met with me."

A few evenings after, when taking leave of
 her, with little prospect of seeing her more in
 this world,—she cried with much affection.—
 " Farewel, my friend, my ever dear Teacher,
 " don't forget me in your prayers while I am
 " here; I expect to see you no more here,—but
 " the last petition I shall put up in the body shall
 " be for your welfare; and whenever your
 " *Saviour* calls you home, I will (if he permit
 " me) with pleasure come out of the golden
 " Gates to meet you the instant you leave the
 " body, and join the angels in conducting your
 " departing spirit to our *Immanuel*."

One time she begged her father much to pray
 with her, he told her, he was so much affected
 he could not speak. " You must (said she) and
 " then I shall be satisfied you do pray for your-
 " self."

One

One day when the sun shone, she said, "Fa-
 "ther open the window and let the sun shine, in
 "upon me; I used to love the sun shine, be-
 "cause it put me in mind of the Sun of Righte-
 "ousness, who shines upon my soul, I have
 "walked in the sun shine by the side of those
 "pleasant streams yonder, and thought of the
 "sweet streams of consolation I have tasted in
 "that meeting-house; help me out of the bed to
 "the window that I may take a last look at that
 "dear house, where I met with my *Christ*."

One morning when I came in, she said, "I
 "have had bad company this morning; Satan
 "came and pestered me with his temptations
 "and made me very unhappy about a quarter
 "of an hour: at last I got one look by Faith to
 "Calvary, and behold my blessed *Redeemer* go-
 "ing up the Hill; O how he was loaded! I
 "thought my sins lay heavier upon him than the
 "Cross did; then Satan fled, he could not stand
 "that."

About three weeks before her death, her back
 began to mortify, and the pain she suffered
 therefrom was excruciating: yet she never once
 discovered the least symptom of discontent or
 murmuring under the hand of *God*; and though
 often delirious, yet there was a savour of piety
 discoverable in the most incoherent expressions
 at those times.

About a week before her death, her dearest
 young friend being there, she said to her "O
 " my

" my *Betty G*—, I wish if it were the *Lord's* will
 " you could die with me, and that we might
 " ascend together and bow, hand in hand before
 " our blessed *Saviour's* Feet;" and why (said I)
 " don't you wish me the same blessing? " No (she
 " replied) I wish you may live above threescore
 " years more;" telling her she should have more
 " compassion on her friend, than to wish him so long
 " in the wilderness: she replied again, " From my
 " heart I wish it, that you may live to tell to
 " children, yet unborn, the Grace of a dying
 " *Redeemer* to me! to me! to me! so vile a
 " sinner!"

December 17th, the day she departed, (in the
 16th year of her age) she was very calm and sen-
 sible, and her hearing which had been much af-
 fected by the disorder rather returned;—her dear
 young friend *Betty G*—, was then ill of the same
 fever, and had been for several days unable to
 visit her; she spoke of it to me with apparent ap-
 plause; saying, " she hoped the *Lord* had heard
 her prayer, and that her dear *Betty*, was going
 to Heaven with her."

About five in the afternoon, her Father came
 to me, and told me, she was just departing; I ran
 up to the house and found her in convulsions, but
 sensible and smiling, though in agony; soon after
 Mr. *Brown* came in, when he came she was
 become incapable of speaking; her eyes were
 closed, the pulse had ceased to beat, and we
 thought her totally insensible, but on Mr. *Brown*
 having

having committed her to *God* in prayer, she opened her eyes feebly, took him by the hand, and recovered strength enough to say, though very faintly, "Thank'ye, Sir, a thousand times." Then closed her eyes again, and lay as before for about ten minutes; when she again opening her eyes, fixed them on me, and calling me by my name, said somewhat, which I could not understand. I reminded her of the happy meeting we should have ere long in our Father's House, she replied with recovered strength, "We shall, we shall;" then looking round on her weeping friends with inexpressible tenderness, added, "And why not all? come my dear Father, Brother *Richard*, *Daniel*, *Polly*; (naming all the rest in the room)—Come, O come after me to Heaven—Mother." Her mother coming up to her, she could speak no more, but squeezed, her hand faintly, and after some time (meaning doubtless her dear friend who had been unable through illness to see her for near a week past) cried "Come *Betty*,"—in less than a minute after, looking up on me, she reached out her hand to me, and remembering (I doubt not,) her promise three weeks before, that her last petition in the body should be for me, she lifted up her other hand and her eyes to Heaven,—then closed them entirely, breathed softly twice, and without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh, sweetly slept in *Jesus*.

The next sabbath evening, she was interred in the court of the meeting which she had desired
for

for this reason. "That you, (said she) or Mr. Pearce when talking to the children in the school about the concerns of their souls, may point them to the place where their once loved school-fellow lies, and tell them of the grace of God to me, it may be they will hear."

Mr. Brown preached a sermon on the occasion in Luke 2d, 29th, 30th, to a crowded auditory.

On that sabbath day night, her brother *Daniel* aged 20 years, was taken with the same fever,—and lay exactly the same length of time, till his death January, 28th, and for ever blessed be the God of all Grace, there was the same comfort in his death; he bore his affliction with great patience and resignation, though it was rather his wish to live, if the Lord's will, for the sake of his parents, and to be useful in the church of God below.—he expressed his delightful sense of the love of *Christ*, professed an entire and chearful reliance on him alone,—and his joyful assurance of rejoining his beloved Sister in the regions of eternal Glory——*Hallelujah.*

†† I Attest the exact truth of this brief account, in the views of the awful Bar of GOD—only acknowledging that it is but a very small part of what might be related, could my memory and those of the friends of the deceased, have retained the wonderful expressions we were ear-witnesses to.

T, BINGHAM.

T H E E N D.

BRITISH
S5252 1790
This is a copy of ESTC, which
was a Taylor one of 1792
another ca 1800

